Cooſen, on wedneſday next our Counſel we will hold
At Windſore, ſo informe the Lordes:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince of VVales & Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that take purſes, goe by the moone and the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethe ſweete wag, when thou art king, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are ſquires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernement, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of gold moſt r
moſt diſſolutely ſpent
lay by, and ſpent with
as the foot of the ladd
ridge of the gallowes
Falſt. By the Lord t
of the tauerne a moſt
Prin. As the hony
not a buffe Ierkin a m
Falſ. How now, l
and thy quiddities? w
Ierkin?
Prince. Why what
the tauerne?
Falſ. Well, thou h
and oft.
Prince. Did I euer c
Falſ. No, ile giue th
Prin. Yea and elſe
and where it would no
Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſ
thou art heire apparan
gallowes ſtanding in E
tion thus fubd as it is wi
the law, doe not thou w
Prince. No, thou ſh
Falſ. Shall I? O rar
Prince. Thou iudge
the hanging of the thee
Falſ. Well, *Hal*, w
humour, as well as wai
Prince. For obtain
Falſ. Yea, for obta
hath no leane wardrob
Cat, or a lugd Beare.
Prince. Or an old Ly
Falſ. Yea, or the dro
Prince. What ſayeſt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22281) LONDON, 1599 THE BRITISH LIBRARY